In Your Hands

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In Your Hands

by Weconqueratdawn

Summary

Hannibal buys Will a gift and tries to take him out for lunch. Or, Hannibal realises his life has been ruined by one very self-assured and lovely Will Graham. With bonus engine-fixing cuteness.

Set in the Quicksilver universe where Will is a 19 year old genderfluid psychology student.

Will was sitting barefoot on the lawn, next to an old sheet topped with neatly arranged engine parts. He was wearing jeans and a loose flannel shirt, and his hands were smeared with the crude grease of motor oil. An assortment of tools lay before him as he peered with fierce concentration at the main bulk of the engine. At the sound of Hannibal's voice, he looked up, confused recognition quickly transforming into a shining smile of delight.

Hannibal faltered momentarily under its heart-stopping sincerity. It was, however, evident that they could not go to lunch.

Notes

You'll be able to make sense of this without reading the other two parts, but it will be much more enjoyable if you do :) New readers might like to know that Will doesn't mind which pronouns people use.

There's mention/discussion of transphobia in this chapter also - not detailed but referred to as something which exists and that Will has experienced it.

Includes *gorgeous* illustrations by TheSeaVoices :DDDD - go show her some love if you like them!

Huge thank you to my wonderful betas lordofthelesbians and wraithsonwings :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal reclined comfortably as Will wandered with indirect purpose around the room, maddeningly out of reach yet lovely to watch. Every so often he would stop, his gaze caught by some object or book, to touch and to study. Occasionally he would comment or ask a question, but mostly he silently filed away whatever his curiosity had unearthed, ceaselessly re-building the image of Hannibal in his mind. Hannibal doubted anyone, apart from himself, had expended so much energy on his personal effects.

In between Will's bouts of keen exploration, Hannibal's eye was drawn away from the movements of his careful fingers to the robe he wore, swinging gracefully around his bare calves. It had been one of Hannibal's but was now considered to belong to Will, unofficially at least. Slightly too big in the chest and shoulders, and loosely tied, it suited him superbly. A heavy, quilted silk paisley, plum-coloured, which lent him a bohemian air. Hannibal had decided it was better it should become his

by degrees rather than by gifting it outright. It would risk him becoming self-conscious, and a slow binding of Will to him through casual possessions was far more pleasing.

Will made to cross the room again, but before he could pass the sofa Hannibal snared him around the waist.

“Exquisite creature, come here,” Hannibal said, as Will laughed and let himself be pulled half into his lap. He curled around Hannibal, settling down to face him.

For a few moments, Hannibal contented himself with brushing back Will’s curls to kiss the sharp angles of his jaw. He smelled of Hannibal’s shower soap, a gratifying if unsubtle signifier of Hannibal’s claim over him. Once again, Hannibal tried to place what Will should smell like; what would suit him. It should be not to be too complex or mature, and any exotic notes were definitely out of the question. Something fresh; young but not naive, classic but not pedestrian. Lemon verbena maybe, sweetly herbal, perhaps with a hint of bay.

When he pulled back, Will was smiling unguardedly at him. “What do I smell of this time, then?”

“You smell like here, like mine. Which is as it should be. Though I was actually trying to determine what scents would suit you best.”

“And?”

“Nothing definite, you are difficult to pin down.”

Will leaned forward to brush his lips over Hannibal’s. “If anyone can, it would be you, I think. Want to take me upstairs and try?”

Hannibal spread his fingers over Will’s narrow hips as he slipped further into his lap. Will’s mouth was soft and pliant, his teeth sharp when he needled them at Hannibal’s lower lip.

“Certainly I will,” Hannibal said, when he pulled away. “But show me your new things again, first.”

Will grinned and sat back a little. He loosened the robe and slid it off one shoulder, displaying Hannibal’s gifts - a pale-rose silk camisole with matching panties. Hannibal let his hand wander over his chest admiringly, while Will watched him with happy indulgence.

“Do you think me an old, rich fool to buy you such presents?” Hannibal said, teasing a finger under one of the straps.

“Old and rich, maybe,” he said with a smirk, jabbing Hannibal in the ribs. “You thought I’d say I couldn’t accept them. I expected to feel that way - but none of this seems real yet, it’s hard to take in. This, the flowers, the dinners...”

Hannibal kissed him once more. “What did you expect? After you made such bold approaches.”

“I doubt I was thinking at all. Just a feeling we might understand each other.” Hannibal gave him an arch look, and Will conceded, “I admit I may have been hoping for *something* from you. Which you just promised me. And I’m still waiting patiently for you to take me upstairs to give it to me.”

He sat astride Hannibal’s lap, mocking and delightful and uninhibited. Hannibal leaned back to appreciate him, slung with warm silk in colours which complimented him wonderfully.

“Beautiful as sin, quick as the devil, and fresh as a new-plucked flower. How was I ever supposed to resist?”

“You weren’t supposed to - that was the plan.” Will pressed in close, and nudged his nose against Hannibal’s. His voice lowered into a whisper, words just sighed against Hannibal’s lips. “I'm glad you're not playing it cool. I don't think I'd be very good at that.”

“What would be the point?” said Hannibal. “I want to see you like this - flushed with pleasure, knowing you are esteemed and cherished.”

“That is exactly what I meant when I said it didn’t feel real.”

“Repetition is an effective persuasive technique. And I plan to make great use of it.”

Hannibal pitched his knock on the front door carefully - confident but not loud or demanding - and stepped back politely. There was a wait before anyone came to answer. He heard the footsteps first, as if someone was hurrying in heavy boots. Then the door juddered as the person on the other side kicked at its bottom edge until they could yank it open.

“Sorry, the damn door sticks, haven’t had chance to fix it yet.”

As the door swung wider to reveal the speaker, Hannibal adjusted his expression accordingly. He had hoped to greet Will on the doorstep. He’d pictured his surprise, the sweeping kiss on the porch before Hannibal took him out to lunch.

“You must be Beverly,” Hannibal said. “Will’s told me all about you.”

Beverly’s gaze flicked over Hannibal’s figure to where his car was parked outside the house, and back again.

“Yeah, she’d better have done. I guess you’re Hannibal? Nice to meet you, come in. Will’s out back.”

Hannibal followed her inside. Heading down the hallway in her wake, he caught glimpses of rooms leading off it - a country-style kitchen papered in fading chintz; a large and open living space furnished with mismatched, squashy furniture. It was comfortable and more rambling than he’d thought, with the feel of an old farmhouse dropped into a Baltimore suburb. Small details sprung out at him as they proceeded toward the open back door. A pair of Will’s boots lying scattered under a table, a dogeared copy of *Le Grand Meaulnes*, a horrendous vase which held wilting yellow tulips.

“Visitor for you, Will,” Beverly called, then turned back to Hannibal with a grin. She inclined her head towards the yard. “She’s all yours. I was just going out anyway. Nice to meet you again.” Then she swept up her coat and keys and slammed the front door behind her.

Hannibal stepped outside, looking back into the hallway. “An energetic and bright young woman,” he commented, and then stopped short.

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of motor oil. An assortment of tools lay before him as he peered with fierce concentration at the main bulk of the engine. At the sound of Hannibal's voice, he looked up, confused recognition quickly transforming into a shining smile of delight.

Hannibal faltered momentarily under its heart-stopping sincerity. It was, however, evident that they could not go to lunch. Will was not only not dressed to go out, he was busy - something unforeseen by Hannibal. But the beauty of seeing him so happily occupied was striking and Hannibal regretted carelessly disturbing him. He could have had longer to watch him work unaware, perhaps with the aim of drawing him later. Will, sprawled over the short grass with his dirtied hands and tied-back hair. His clever fingers diagnosing, mending and reassembling. It would make a touching picture if handled correctly - youth confronted with decay and deterioration; a kind of mechanical *momento mori*.

Will's face fell quickly at Hannibal's hesitation and he shifted his attention back to his work, retreating into himself. "It's freaked you out, hasn't it? I told you Bev sees me as her little sister."

Frowning, Hannibal stepped closer. "I'm afraid you've lost me. What do you mean?"

"Bev calls me 'she'. And you think of me as 'he'. And now… well, here we are. Being awkward."

Hannibal knelt into a crouch beside him, the toe of his shoe nudging the wrinkled sheet. "Any awkwardness I might display is because I came to surprise you, to take you out for lunch. It didn't occur to me you might be unable to join me. It's due to nothing else."

Will's mouth curled down into a grimace but he did at least raise his eyes to Hannibal's. Hannibal watched him steadily, then reached out to graze his knuckles over Will's cheek.

Will shut his eyes and relaxed into the touch. "You really don't mind?"

"You explained yourself very clearly the first time I met you. I haven't forgotten."

"It's one thing for us to be together, alone, in your house. It's different with people around who might have other perceptions of me."

"I promise I am unaffected. And, despite appearances, I care very little for the opinion of others. That is why being polite and considerate is so important - they allow us to disagree without bloodshed."

"I'm just used to it. It's happened before. Sorry."

"You have nothing to apologise for."

Will softened and turned to kiss Hannibal's knuckles. "So you came to surprise me? For lunch?"

"Yes, a whim of mine - and please forgive the presumption. I went to an auction viewing this morning and I thought of you stalking around my living room, looking at my belongings. I wondered what you might make of the items I was considering."

"What are you bidding on?"

Hannibal smiled. "I *almost* bid for a Byzantine bronze oil lamp but the imaginary you didn't seem sure about it. So I came straight here to seek out your real opinion."

Grinning hugely, Will said, “That’s ridiculous and you know it. I don’t know anything about Byzantine art.”

“I would rather have your opinion before the purchase. I know I would receive it afterwards, whether I’d wanted it or not.”

“I thought you cared very little for the opinion of others.”

“Mostly, that is true.”

Will looked up at him through his lashes. “I'd kiss you. But I'd get your suit dirty.”

With care, Hannibal leaned over to press his lips gently to Will’s. He tasted of sweet tea and smelled faintly metallic, overlain by the unctuous earthy richness of the oil. “I imagine lunch is out of the question.”

“I won't be too long. I’m doing a favour for a friend of Bev's. Their bike needs a new engine, so I offered to try and help. I'm better with boats but it's not too different.”

“And can you fix this one?”

“I’m pretty confident, yeah. Though this is going to need some replacement parts first. Which is why I won’t be long,” Will said, as he began to gather his tools together. “There’s not much more I can do without them.”

“Your father taught you - you said he’s a mechanic.”

“That’s right.”

“But that's not why you do it, is it?”

“No. I like the puzzle. And making something work again, bringing it back to life, is a good feeling.”

“Yes, isn't it. Like turning back time.”

Will paused for a moment, considering. “Not quite. The repairs always show, if you know what you’re looking for. Nothing can ever be quite what it was. But it can be set upon a new course.”

“Is it always better that way? If it cannot be restored completely maybe it should be left to its own devices.”

“Better than being broken. The alternatives can only be imagined - we can’t really know them, so we can’t judge otherwise.”

Hannibal shifted closer to him, smiling. “I’d love to draw you like this.”

“Philosophising poorly in old clothes, while covered in oil?” Will said, eyebrow raised.

“I was imagining it as an allegory on youthful ideals and beauty - you, surrounded by entropy, endeavouring to halt the inevitable.”

Will gave a lopsided smile and said, “You’ve made an error though. I’m very good at repairs. So your allegory should be on the triumph of youth. Because all of this,” he waved his arm over the dismembered engine, “will be in perfect working order by next week.”

“Perhaps you are right.” Hannibal rose and stepped back while Will stowed everything tidily away in a shed at the bottom of the yard. “Would you like to go for lunch now?”

Will wrinkled his nose and Hannibal asked, with some concern, “Is that a no?”

Will shook his head, smiling broadly. "My nose itches but I can't really..." He held his hands up and wiggled his black, oily fingers.

The glossy, almost luxurious, sheen of it caught Hannibal’s eye. Oil covered his hands and wrists, and in places crept down his forearms. It was dark and thick but smeared into a rich burnt umber where it had rubbed deep into the creases of his fingers and under his nails. A perfect image of it smudged across Will’s face burned in Hannibal’s mind. Instead, Hannibal scratched lightly at the tip of Will’s nose with his own clean finger.

“Better?”

“Yes, thank you. And yes to lunch.”

At that instant, the peculiar possibilities of the situation struck Hannibal. His hand lingered near Will’s face, and he tucked an escaped curl behind his ear. “Are you hungry now?”

“I will be by the time we get there,” Will said, turning to move back inside. “Where are we going?”

“We can go anywhere you would like to.”

Hannibal followed Will through the house to the kitchen but before he could reach the sink to wash his hands, crowded him against the wall and kissed him. Will made a happy noise and opened his mouth readily, allowing Hannibal to drag his tongue over the plushness of his lips. He pressed as close as he could without risking his suit on Will’s dirtied clothes, and Will let the hard surface hold him up, lazily yielding and in no obvious hurry to move.

“Perhaps we have a spare half hour before we leave,” Hannibal said. “It’s still early.”

“It must be at least one o’clock,” Will laughed. “But yes, just let me wash my hands first-”

Instead of letting him slip away, Hannibal folded his fingers around Will’s forearms and gently held him pinned to the wall. “What if I said I like you exactly as you are?”

Will looked down at them both, at Hannibal’s hands around the clean skin of his arms, and at his dirty hands. “Are you sure? Your clothes.”

Hannibal leaned forward with intent, keenly focused on Will’s flushed face and his useless hands. “You’ll be careful. And I can take them off when I’m ready.”

Eyes brightening with curious interest, Will wriggled a little and asked, “And what about mine?”

With a smile, Hannibal replied, “I will help you undress.”

Shortly after that, Will insisted on moving upstairs. Beverly was supposedly gone for the afternoon but he was unwilling to risk it. As an interruption would have been very unwelcome, Will was released from the wall so they could relocate. It also afforded Hannibal a valuable opportunity to see Will's bedroom.

It was a perfect match for the rest of the house - cluttered but tidy, and displaying an appreciation for cosiness if less care for aesthetics. Hannibal took in the shelves and shelves of objects in one sweeping glance, knowing there would be time available later for scrutiny. Here he would find Will's life laid out for his delectation and he wanted to savour it.

"You can rummage through my stuff later," Will said, interrupting his thoughts. "I suppose it's only fair."

Hannibal smiled, and freed Will's hair from its tie so that it tumbled around his face once more. "I would not presume to *rummage*."

"Like I do, you mean, with your things?" He grinned and stood very still, letting Hannibal hold his arms away from where he bent to kiss him. "Although, that's not strictly true. I've seen the way you look at me - like you want to climb inside me."

Hannibal paused briefly, to look into his changeable eyes and wonder how much they could see. "Perhaps. But I would be very careful not to disturb what I might find there. I only want to perceive, not interfere. You are perfect exactly how you are."

Will surged forwards to kiss him hungrily. Hannibal let go of Will's arms to cup his face, sliding seeking fingers through his curls to loosen them. Will made to push his hands up over Hannibal's chest, as he usually did, but jerked them away at the last second with a frustrated noise. Hannibal smiled into his mouth as Will reluctantly returned his arms back as Hannibal had placed them - outstretched and at a safe distance from his clothing. Will kissed him all the harder to make up for it and it was with great effort that Hannibal broke away to shrug off his jacket. Once removed, his waistcoat and shirt followed. Then he walked Will backwards until he was pressed up against the wall again.

Will looked back at him greedily, gaze roaming over his bared chest and arms where his oily hands could not follow. Hannibal brought one of Will's hands up to study it. The mineral smell grew stronger with the thick smears of grease so close to his face. A longing came over him to drag his mouth through it, over the intricate bones of Will's knuckles, to run his tongue over his smooth oval fingernails. He filed away for another time a list of possible edibles he could lick from Will's hands.

Against the wall, Will writhed with impatience. When Hannibal kissed him again, Will gave a little needy moan into his mouth. He was effectively restrained - the oil on his clothes prevented him even from grinding up against Hannibal - and it was a pleasure to observe Will's slow-building desperation. Hannibal nuzzled his way over his jaw, down the taut tendons of his neck, and along his collarbone as far as his shirt would allow. Only then did he release Will's wrists and start to work on undressing him. A few undone buttons was all it took to reveal a familiar pink satiny-sheen peeping out from underneath the shirt. Hannibal glanced up at Will, amused that his gift should get such an outing.

Will shrugged. "I like wearing them, they're nice." He ducked his head in mock-coyness. "Plus they remind me of you."

Hannibal brushed the undone shirt aside, sweeping the backs of his knuckles over the smooth softness of the silk. "Then I shall buy you more things," he said, dropping gentle kisses along its low neckline.

Will sagged back against the wall, chest heaving under Hannibal's lips. "I should tell you not to, shouldn't I? I shouldn't want you to."

"Because, considering our age difference, gift-giving is strongly associated with reciprocation of a very particular kind? Or because of something else - your upbringing perhaps?" Hannibal removed Will's shirt in one fluid movement, pulling it over his hands and discarding it on the floor.

"Both," Will gasped. "I know what people would say. What they would think."

Hannibal leaned into the warm curve of his neck, licking and scraping teeth over the tender skin. "You don't care what people think, any more than I do."

Will laughed breathlessly, tipping his head back to expose more of his neck to Hannibal's mouth. "As long as they're polite, there won't be bloodshed. Isn't that right?"

"And have you shed any blood before, Will?" He tasted of salt and petrichor, fresh and sweet and alive.

"I know how to throw a good punch. Comes in handy when you dress and act like I do."

The very thought of Will confronted by such ignorance boiled slow and cold through Hannibal. It was too easy to picture. He dropped to his knees to unfasten Will's jeans, and above him Will stilled.

"You're not worrying about me, are you? It doesn't happen very often. People mostly know not to mess with me, and I mostly know when to ignore them."

Hannibal peeled back the old, worn denim to reveal the rose-pink silk panties underneath. "I have no doubt you can look after yourself. What I don't like is that you must."

He sat back on his heels to look at Will standing over him, resplendent in delicate silk, skin clear and peachy except for his grubby hands. The contrast of his rough work clothes and the exquisite material underneath was more beautiful than Hannibal expected - the two extremes of his character simultaneously revealed and utterly harmonious. That there were people ugly and undeserving enough to have glimpsed this and failed to reciprocate with admiration did not surprise Hannibal. But he wished he could have the opportunity of permanently correcting such nescient behaviour.

Will shrugged, the careless movement of his slender shoulders drawing Hannibal back to the present moment. The inky dark oil glistened, catching the light, like velvety satin. Briefly, Hannibal had a vision of long sable evening gloves against pale matte skin.

"I was always going to have to. Once my parents understood that I didn't want to be tied to a fixed gender they said they always knew I would stand out anyway. And they're right. Even if I was just another nineteen year old boy I still wouldn't fit in."

Hannibal tugged his jeans down. "Top of your class, too clever for your own good?"

"Sound familiar?"

"Yes and no. I suspect you're cleverer than I was at nineteen."

"What I've learned is that it's much easier if you don't try to fit in - wear your difference loudly and people tend not to comment so much. There's a power in it that people are reluctant to argue

with."

Will stepped out of his jeans, which joined his shirt on the floor. Hannibal ran his hands slowly up his smooth legs, feeling the flex of lean firm muscle under his skin. His mouth followed his fingers, trailing kisses upwards along his inner thigh. Above him Will sighed out a plaintive moan.

"Honesty is your armour," said Hannibal, into the crease of his hip. "Well-placed candidness invites sympathy and, sometimes, reciprocation."

"Is that how I won you over?"

"I was captivated already but it did no harm," Hannibal said, raising his eyes past Will's silk covered chest to his face. "Usually for you it is a deflection. You hide in plain sight, offering up your most clearly signposted differences while the others slip by without notice."

"That's your strategy, isn't it?"

Still on his knees, Hannibal halted his hands where they slid restlessly over soft bared skin.

Head leant back, exposing the vulnerable length of his neck, Will continued, "You're much stranger and more interesting than you appear. You give up just enough for people to latch onto and no more than that." He seemed unaware of the piercing interest his words had aroused in Hannibal. "A smooth surface for people's curiosity to glide over, and never penetrate. No one who saw you at the opera or a private view would ever think to find you here, doing this, with me."

Returning again to the muscle of Will's inner thigh, Hannibal smiled and bit gently. "Definitely too clever for your own good."

"Mmmnn," Will writhed his hips fruitlessly, met only by empty air. "Come up here and say that."

Hannibal stood, slowly, palming his hands over Will's hip bones and stomach, upwards towards his chest. The silk wrinkled silently under them, smooth and slippery. Now his dirty clothes were removed Hannibal could cage him in bodily, pushing him into the wall and pinning his wrists above his head. He ground his hips into Will's and ghosted kisses over his mouth, his cheek.

"Dare I ask what you see underneath, with that insightful gaze?" Hannibal asked, peering intently at him.

Will groaned, angling his hips into Hannibal's, and shut his eyes. There was a few seconds pause as he considered he words. "A very different man, nothing like your calm and unruffled surface. Much more intense - rich and satisfying. You know sadness, which is why you appreciate things which are fleeting. But more than anything you'd like someone to share things with. Maybe someone who can make you laugh - you find things amusing but you don't laugh a lot."

"You think I'm lonely?" said Hannibal.

Will moved restlessly under Hannibal, seeking his touch where he could, the silk of his camisole whispering over Hannibal's chest. He opened his eyes and looked directly into Hannibal's when he spoke. "Isn't everyone who doesn't have someone to understand them?"

Hannibal had never considered this before. He was alone, certainly, but having known this beguiling creature for only a few weeks, perhaps if they should not meet again he would understand

what loneliness might be. The feeling plucked at him, the vibrations from it resonating like terrible music, shaking his once-solid foundations. Hannibal found himself dumbfounded, struck into silence through being picked apart so easily, and by someone so young. It was a moment he couldn't remember the equal of, where his control had so easily deserted him, and he found himself entirely in another's hands.

Will watched him with steady affection, before he grinned suddenly. "You don't need to be so composed with me," and drew one oil-thick finger down the side of Hannibal's face.

Hannibal's mouth dropped open in surprise. Will laughed loudly at his expression, utterly delighted with the reaction he'd received, and at the greasy line Hannibal could feel smeared along his skin. It seemed impossible to do anything other than laugh with him, so he didn't fight it. Will stretched forwards to slide his lips over Hannibal's, warm and lovely and pliable in Hannibal's arms.

"Infuriating thing," Hannibal said, and firmly turned him around to face the wall. "Stay there."

Smiling, Will did as he was told, keeping his hands out of harm's way without being asked. Hannibal roughly pulled him back against his chest, and took his time enjoying the feel of heated silk under his palms. Will gasped and ground his ass back into him, unable to do anything more than that. He squirmed beautifully when Hannibal brushed his lips over his shoulder, one hand rubbing over his nipples while the other gently squeezed his cock through his panties. Hannibal lingered behind him briefly to watch how, frustrated though he was, Will seemed to enjoy his predicament very much. The full, firm line of his cock showed clearly through the flimsy material of his panties, stoking Hannibal's own desire.

"What a sight you are, with your filthy hands and your lovely things. I like it very much." Hannibal licked a trail along Will's shoulder and used his teeth to tug at the strap of the camisole. "Do be careful not to get them dirty."

Will groaned, nodding, as Hannibal's hands slid lower to hook his fingers into the elastic top of his panties. Hannibal ran his thumbs slowly, teasingly, around the inside of the waistband until they reached his hips. Then he eased them down as far as his thighs. Will made a helpless noise and leant his forehead to the wall. Hannibal smiled into the back of his neck, dark curls tickling his face. Now free of the panties, Will's cock was hard and flushed, and the soft unblemished skin of his ass rosy and warm. Hannibal grasped its firm roundness, fingers digging in, then relented and stroked it soothingly.

Will groaned again, and when Hannibal dragged the back of his knuckles down between his cheeks, broke out with, "Oh God, yes, please. In the drawer, by the bed."

Hannibal dropped a last kiss to his shoulder and did as he was bid, removing his own pants as he went. Will remained propped up by the wall, braced against it so his soiled hands were clear of the pristine white surface. They were a perfect counterpoint to the pale sweep of his neck and the pretty drape of silk over his shoulder blades. When he returned, he paused to imprint the image into his memory - another enticing candidate for an evening of sketching.

Burning with growing need, Will threw a glance back at him. "Are you trying to torture me?" he said, shifting restlessly. "Come on, Hannibal, please."

"You make such an inviting picture," Hannibal said, finally relenting. He pressed his body hard against Will's, so they could both feel his arousal hot against the soft plumpness of Will's bared ass. "Waiting, completely dependent upon my touch. I might draw you like this also."

Will moaned and rubbed back against him, as Hannibal slipped his hands underneath the camisole to stroke over his lean torso. The panties were still caught around his thighs, glossy fabric pulling taut as Will spread his legs with inviting tension. Hannibal's hand ghosted over Will's stomach to grip his cock, firm and insistent in his palm. Will thrust into his hold with desperate relief but Hannibal soon pulled away, instead tugging his panties down to his ankles so he could step out of them.

The sound of the cap being popped on the bottle of lube cut off Will's groan of frustration, and he stilled, waiting. When Hannibal drew his fingers up between his cheeks, Will gasped loudly and rocked back into his touch. Hannibal teased lightly at his entrance, thumb brushing the tender skin, holding Will close to his chest and inhaling the fragrance of his hair. It smelled faintly of strawberries and cream, blending with the now-familiar scent of their mingled arousal, and, underneath it all still, the pungent tar of the oil.

Hannibal pressed only lightly with his thumb, stroking and rubbing, but Will wriggled his hips until he worked it inside himself. Smiling at his impatience, Hannibal kissed his cheek, tugging out and easing his thumb firmly back in again. Will was loud in his approval but still begging for more. A glance at his face revealed his flushed cheeks, eyes tightly shut, with a deep frown of concentration and frustration. Hannibal slid his palm over the curve of his ass, the heated skin beautifully soft and smooth, and allowed Will to stretch himself open around him. When he eased a finger inside him too, Will's mouth fell open and he moaned freely. Hannibal smiled to see him chasing his pleasure like this, caught between the twin desires of prolonging his pleasure and speeding it onwards to its conclusion.

Will's cock was slippery with pre-come and Hannibal let him work it into his waiting hand. The camisole tickled gently over his wrist as Will thrusted, his enthusiasm building rapidly. Before it could develop too quickly, Hannibal pulled away to slide his cock between Will's ass cheeks instead. He pushed the camisole up to stroke his palms over the creamy skin underneath. It was a cruel tease, long thick slides rubbing solidly over his sensitised entrance, and Will moaned out his desperation into the wall's painted surface. Will's dirtied hands were now clenched into fists but still held carefully away from it. Soon, Hannibal judged neither of them could stand it any longer.

Withdrawing, he pulled Will back into his arms and Will turned gratefully to mouth his way up over Hannibal's neck to his lips. They stumbled in the direction of the bed and when it bumped the back of Hannibal's knees, Will shoved Hannibal backwards onto it and climbed on top of him.

"That is what you get for teasing me," he said, astride Hannibal, holding him down with oily hands. He grinned, palms flat on Hannibal's chest, deliberately dragging their mess all over him.

Hannibal laughed, looking down at the grimy prints now all over his chest and shoulders. "Tired of waiting, are you? You still need my help though." He took one of Will's arms and held it up for him to see, in it all its filthy glory. "There's not much you can safely do with these."

"Help you'll willingly give me. Don't you dare pretend to taunt me anymore - I know you want to be inside me as much as I do."

To illustrate his point, Will rocked his hips so his cock rubbed over Hannibal's, as hard and hot and leaking as his own. Hannibal hummed his agreement and fisted them both together, gasping lightly as Will thrust slowly into his hand, cock sliding slickly over Hannibal's. They were both quickly left breathless and Hannibal nodded, nudging at Will's hips to make him stop. Will lifted himself

up, waiting and almost commandingly imperious, while under him Hannibal coated his cock with lube and guided Will onto it.

Will smiled with relief as he sank down, and gave an unutterably self-satisfied groan. He was beautiful, hot and flushed, gasping with eyes tightly shut as he began to ride Hannibal. It was luxuriously slow at first, now that he knew he could do as he pleased, but he didn't take long to abandon himself to it. He leaned his weight onto Hannibal's chest, and moved with fierce and possessive joy, taking what he obviously saw as rightfully his. The claim he staked was inscribed in the smears of oil rubbed into Hannibal's skin, darkening his chest hair to black; in the carefree euphoric pleasure he took from Hannibal's body.

Hannibal lay back and let him, aware that unforeseen he'd let some new force into his life, something which would shape it and bend it in new directions. It was enthralling, and the consequences were already being written, placed into the hands of fate. All that mattered was Will above him, unpredictable and lovely, brushing aside Hannibal's carefully constructed facade as if it were as flimsy as the silk he wore. Marking him instead with the grime his own hands were blackened with; a return to something old, primal, earthy and alive - perhaps even to what he'd seen underneath, behind the veil of civility.

With a growl, Hannibal thrust up in time with Will's grinding hips, gripping them brutally. Will's fingers dug into his chest as he moaned loudly, unrestrained, smiling joyously. Hannibal longed to kiss him, to feel his soft bitten-red lips against his own, and his moans breathed out against his skin. But like this he could watch such beautiful contained chaos wild above him; energy harnessed, focused and directed all at Hannibal. It was addictive, potentially dangerous, like nothing else he had experienced.

Will's groans pitched higher and became more breathless, and he rocked harder and more erratically. Each thrust of their bodies wrung exquisite depths of pleasure from Hannibal - Will hot and tight and slick around him, hands pressed into his chest, fingers clawing and winding into the hair there. He reached for Will's cock, a hot silky weight in his hand, wet with leaking fluid. Will made a desperate noise at the touch of his fingers and Hannibal encircled it lightly, coaxingly, and encouraged Will to thrust into his hand and spend himself over Hannibal's chest. When he came, in thick white spurts over Hannibal's oil-smeared torso, he bowed back in a rapturous arch, panting and cursing loudly. Hannibal followed soon afterward, with Will smiling down at him, pleased and contented, smearing his own come into the oil on Hannibal's stomach.

Will stirred on top of Hannibal, the silk camisole somewhere on the floor by the bed. Hannibal continued gently teasing out the tangles from his hair until Will finally shifted, and blinked sleepily up at him. He frowned petulantly when Hannibal laughed and ran gentle fingers over his cheek. There was oil all over him, from where he'd lay against Hannibal's chest - on his face, neck, shoulders. Hannibal's hands were covered also, he'd been unable to stop himself from taking Will's hands in his own as he slept. There had been a curious need to do so, wracked with strange and unfamiliar emotions while he watched him.

When Will realised where and how he'd slept, he grinned and yawned and shrugged. "I think we're both going to need a shower," he said, tucking his head under Hannibal's chin.

"You have it in your hair also," Hannibal said, resuming combing his fingers through it.

"And whose fault is that?"

"It was a combined effort." Hannibal wrapped his arms loosely around him, shutting his eyes to savour Will's warm weight and the swell of his breathing.

They lay comfortably and quietly until he felt Will suddenly tense, stilling in his arms. There was a pause, where Hannibal waited for Will to speak whatever had just occurred to him. He hoped this wasn't fate showing her hand already. It was too soon.

Will broke free of his embrace and peeked up at him. “I hope you don’t mind what I said earlier - about you. I see too much sometimes.”

“You certainly surprised me,” Hannibal said, with caution. He still wasn’t entirely clear how much Will had read in him.

Frowning, Will plucked nervously at Hannibal’s chest hair, avoiding his gaze. “You asked me a question and I answered. I wasn’t trying to imply, well, that I’m anything special to you. That the person I was talking about was me.”

Now it was Hannibal’s turn to frown. “Don’t you feel special? If not, I must have done something wrong.”

“No, I mean yes I do, but that doesn’t mean- I don’t expect anything, is what I mean. From you. This is good, this is... enough.” He paused, biting his lip while he searched for words. Eventually he broke out with, “I know we’re very different, Hannibal.”

“Maybe on the outside we are.” Hannibal rolled them both over, so he could lean over Will and force him to meet his eyes. “Is this enough? If I offered you more would you want it?” His voice escaped him without permission, sounding surprisingly urgent.

Will looked up with round imploring eyes, half-laughing and half-shy. “You’ve already given me lots - what else would you offer me?”

Hannibal found his breathing was laboured, and his hand was already caressing Will’s oil-covered cheek. Several potential answers to that question rose up before him, but he rejected them all in favour of the only possible honest one. Perhaps fate really had cast her die. “Happiness. If it is within my power to grant you that, of course.”

He watched the effect his words had - how understanding blossomed into something painfully, quietly radiant in Will’s expression. He nodded with a little twitch of his head, and smiled shyly before tilting up to kiss Hannibal.

After that, they lay peacefully for a while, Hannibal stretched out over Will like a blanket. His mind kept returning to the image of Will on the grass, patiently piecing back together broken machinery, unconcerned by the filth coating his hands.

“We can go out for lunch tomorrow, if you’d like? I’ll cook something for you here instead,” Hannibal’s lips grazed Will’s temple with every word he spoke. “Also you must let me buy you some new sheets, as these are ruined.”

He leaned back on his elbows, and said mock-seriously, “And I won’t buy the bronze lamp - I could tell by your face you hated the idea.”

Will answered with bright, ringing laughter and Hannibal decided he would let it dictate his destiny.

End Notes

Title from In Your Hands by Mary Love, and previous chapter is from Les Fleurs by Minnie Riperton, which I completely forgot to mention before.

"Will's *parents*" is not a typo, and yes, there will be more on that to follow :)

Find the timestamps series here. And for a complete list of all the stories and for easy viewing of all the art, we made a QS website.

I'm on tumblr and twitter (and very occasionally on pillowfort and dreamwidth).

I also write my own fiction which you can learn more about here.

Works inspired by this one

In Your Hands Illustrations by TheSeaVoices

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!